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Semi-Weekly Interior Journal

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Same Inside Courier-Journal History.

Charlie Kincaid is now city editor of the *Courier-Journal*, a position that has had been held by a number of men during the past year, and it seems a hard one to hold. Mr. Watterson has his friends that must be protected from unpleasant newspaper notoriety, and Mr. Haldeman has his. The favorites of the two embrace a large per cent. of the population of the city—hence the difficulty in putting any life into the columns of the paper, except when the bones are away.

Some amusing things often occur in the newspaper offices in Louisville. A few months after Emmett Logan was installed as managing editor of the *Courier-Journal*, he made a cutting allusion to the movement in favor of the appointment of John Russell Young to a Foreign mission, recalling the old history of the theft of telegrams from one newspaper office for the benefit of another by Young, which was clearly proved, a number of years ago. It so happened that Mr. Watterson, who rarely ever knows what is to appear in the *Courier-Journal*, saw what he writes, until the edition is worked off, was a very intimate friend of John Russell Young, and at his request had written President Garfield a letter, urging the appointment of Young to the coveted position. On seeing this offensive paragraph in his own paper, Mr. Watterson was very much enraged, and at once wrote an editorial denouncing it, and explaining its appearance in the *C.-J.* as an "offshoot of the irrepressible of the irrepressible young man who is an exterminable nuisance in almost every newspaper office."

Logan became indignant at this and sent in his resignation, but Mr. Watterson explained to him the embarrassing situation in which he had been placed both with Young and Garfield, and echoed Mr. Haldeman's assurance that they could not do without him, and he consented to stay. But a few days later John Throckmorton, a somewhat noted Louisville character, who many years ago was accused of the seduction of a woman afterward called Crazy Ellen (the heroine of Stanton's famous poem), died and the "irrepressible" Logan wrote some caustic remarks on his life and career. Again it occurred that Watterson and Throckmorton had been companions, and again the great editor vented his ire against his subordinate through the columns of the paper. This was too much for the high-strung Logan, and he threw up his position, declaring he would hold it no longer under any consideration. But Messrs. Haldeman and Watterson again cornered him in the latter's private office and made him such promises that he finally, after reflection, agreed not to withdraw from the paper, "provided a printed list of the d-d thieves and seducers they wanted protected was furnished him for future guidance."—[Owensboro Messenger.]

GRACE BEFORE MEAT.—The Drummer: A wicked traveling man went into a Southern hotel in a cheap town to get dinner. He looked over the spread and it was not very appetizing but he proceeded to try it.

"Hold," said the landlady, "don't you want to say something before eating?"

"What do you mean, madam," he asked.

"Why, I thought a pious-looking man like you ought to say something."

"That's so; I forgot it. Here goes: D—n such a dinner."

The landlady was carried out and put under the pump to restore her.

"Please, marm," said an Englewood boy, "ma sent me over to borrow your wash boiler."

"My wash boiler!" exclaimed the lady; "why, your mother has my wash boiler now, and I was just wondering why she didn't send it home."

"Is that so? We thought that was Mrs. Jones' boiler all the time. Any way, a milk-wagon run over it this morning and busted the bottom all loose and ma said I would have to skimp around and borrow another."

The Names of Women, and their Meaning.

Mary, the commonest of all names, is also one of the sweetest given to woman, and it is not strange that it prevails so universally. It signifies exalted. Maria and Marie, the latter French, are only other forms of Mary and, of course, have the same meaning. Martha signifies bitterness; Annie, Anna, Hannah and probably Nancy, are from the same source, and signify kind or gracious. Ellen was originally Helen—Helen in Latin, and Helend in French; according to some etymologists it has the meaning of alluring, but others define it as one who pities. Jane, now generally familiarized into Jenny, signifies, like Anna, kind or gracious. For Sarah or Sally, there are two definitions—a princess and the morning star. Susan signifies a lily and is a fitting name for a tall, slender girl, of delicate complexion and native grace. Alice and Adeline mean of noble birth—a princess. Lucy signifies like light, and was anciently given to girls born at day-break. It may also be considered as meaning brightness of aspect, and applied accordingly. Bertha means bright. Louisa—in French Louise—is the feminine of Louis, and signifies one who protects. Lois means desirable, good. Theodora, the gift of God. Winifred, a lover of peace. Fanny or Francis means frank or free. Catharine or Katharine, pure or chaste. Sophie, from the Greek, means wisdom. Bridget means strength. Caroline and Charlotte, queens. Emma, tender, affectionate, motherly. Margaret, a pearl or daisy. Julia, soft haired. Agnes means chaste. Amelia and Amy, beloved. Clara, clear or bright. Eleanor, all fruitful. Gertrude, all truth. Grace, favor. Laura, a laurel. Matilda, a noble and brave maid. Phebe, light of life.—[Home and Farm.]

A Funny Occurrence.

A gentleman in town who has been annoyed by a chicken thief, set a trap for him. The trap was so arranged that when the thief would stick his hand into the coop he would get caught from behind and held. The gentleman set his trap a few nights ago and then sat up "to see what the news was going to be." He hadn't waited long before he heard the trap spring, and going to the coop he found a well-known darkey there. The gentleman gave the victim the privilege of choosing between a whipping at the hands of his captor, or being turned over to the police. The darkey chose the former, and the gentleman, getting his buggy whip, gave him an awful whipping. But imagine his surprise when the darkey after he was turned about and said: "Thanky Mr. Blank, thanky sir, I'm much obliged for your kindness. Advocates of the whipping post in place of jails may find a lesson in this."—[Russellville (Ky.) Herald.]

SHE HAD ONLY TWENTY-ONE.—The story is told in Georgia that a matron of that State, who is the mother of 21 children, one day when a storm was coming up blew the horn for them to come in and she counted them as they entered. Somehow she made the number 22. This mystified her, and she declared that she could not remember having more than 21. To satisfy herself she turned them all out in the storm and let them in one at a time, a visitor keeping tally as she recounted them. There were but 21 and the anxious dame felt relieved.—[N. Y. Evening Post.]

It will cost \$250,000 to complete the Washington monument. The shaft is now carried up to a height of 340 feet above the floor, and since the placing of 28,355 tons of stone on the structure since 1880 it has settled one and one-quarter inches. There is enough material on hand to carry the monument to a height of 390 feet. Lieut. Casey, who has the work in charge, thinks it can be completed by July 1, 1884, when persons desirous of committing suicide from a height of over five hundred feet will have an opportunity.

Ingersoll says plug hats and suspenders are needed in the South before she will make much headway, as no people who wear slouch hats and let their trousers hang slovenly on their hips can ever become civilized. That's it! With the danger of breaking his suspenders and having his 87 hat smashed, staring him in the face, a man will be slow about going into a fight.

Jacob Foe, Louisville, says: "I suffered greatly from loss of sleep until I tried Brown's Iron Bitters, the success of which was more than I anticipated."

A Love Romance.

Miss and George were engaged. The season had been a bright one to them. On this afternoon they were seated in a little parlor which looked out upon a beautiful garden. The great sun had gone down behind the western hills and the landscape smiled in the mellow glow of a summer's twilight. The garden had been her care; she had planted all the pretty flowers there and had tended and watched them. It was her delight of evenings when George came to present him with a little bunch of those sweet flowers which speak the sentiments that tremble in the heart, but are only half sounded in words. She had told the story of her love in these offerings of flowers. He had sworn eternal devotion, and they were to be married.

There, in the twilight hour, was holy silence. A stillness which leaves room for the full soul to open all itself without the power of calling wholly back its self control. Then Miss sat with George, half embraced, but half reclining from the glowing arm which trembled like the form it entwined.

"Ah, darling," whispered George, "the love I give you is for eternity, and I can be happy only in realizing to you some fondly cherished hope. You are the queen of my heart, and I can never know another idol." His arm tightened around her sylph-like waist, and he drew her fresh, rosy lips to his.

In that instant a flash like the lightning's gleam spread over her beautiful face and turning her great, lustrous eyes full upon him, she said:

"No, George, not if love pure and true were in your heart, you would not eat onions when you come to kiss me!"—[Sunday Argus.]

Hugging Parties out West.

Hugging parties for the benefit of churches are the rage in some of the counties in this State. The price ranks as follows, and is given to the church fund: Girls under fifteen, 25 cents for a hug of two minutes; from fifteen to twenty years of age, 50 cents; from twenty to twenty-five, 75 cents; another man's wife, \$1; widows, (according to looks) from 10 cents to \$2; old maids, 3 cents apiece, or two for a nickel, no limit of time. Our devil is saving up his money to enable him to attend the first one given in this section. The young and tender dears should beware of him for he has been practicing the Rocky Mountain bear hug. He is, however, very fond of old maids and is guaranteed to bust four pairs of corset strings at one hug, or pay double price. He is even willing to have it "ten call twenty-five."—[Nebraska City News.]

A HEN STORY.—It has been said that when a hen doesn't want to set, "she won't and that's the last on it," but this is not always the case, as Dr. Robert Randall, of this city, has his fowls so that they do pretty much as he wishes them. Whenever he wants a hen to set, and she objects, he simply takes a switch and whips her into obedience. He has one old hen that understands so well that whenever he appears in the yard she runs and jumps on her nest; and two others that set all day and lay eggs at night. As a manager of this species of birds Mr. R. is entitled to the egg along with the basket.—[Paris Citizen.]

A year after the fire which destroyed nearly the whole of Haverhill, the leading shoe men of the town had a dinner and congratulated themselves on what at the time of its occurrence had been regarded as a disaster. Hand-some and solid buildings have replaced the wooden structures on the burned district, the new factories hold better machinery, better goods are produced, and the owners are the best advertised shoemakers in the country.

A "SCORCHER."—The following comes from the West Liberty *Scorcher*: "Henderson Stacy, of this county, while killing hogs a few weeks ago, struck one in the head with an ax; he then scalded it, removed the hair, scraped and washed it, preparatory to hanging it up, when the hog came to life, jumped up and ran a considerable distance before it was caught."

A young lady had a narrow escape at a fire in New York a few nights since. About half of her back hair was burned. Fortunately she was not in the building at the time, having put on her other hair and left the house only half an hour before the fire broke out.—[Norristown Herald.]

Henry Voetta, Louisville, says: "Brown's Iron Bitters cured me of loss of appetite and general debility."

The Origin of the Tariff.

Mr. Watterson in his speech at Nashville, gave the origin of the word tariff as follows: "Upon the southernmost coast of Spain, not far from Gibraltar, there is a little island connected with the mainland by a causeway, and upon this island stands an old town called Tariff. It once belonged to the Moors, who made it when they were a power in the world, a port of entry to the Mediterranean sea. They knew nothing about custom-houses and schedules, and cared less about home industries and international exchanges. A few junks and flintlocks sufficed to collect the tribute they exacted from the 'pauper labor of Europe.' Hence the origin of the word 'tariff.' I do not find, however, in any history that they levied bounties upon their own people. They were rude and honest pirates, who did their pillaging in the old-fashioned way, having enjoyed none of the advantages of that modern economy which has discovered a gentler method of scuttling ships and cutting throats. Doubtless, however, the natives of Tariff thought they were doing a good thing for their country in exacting tribute of the stranger."

Gravel: the Kind Wallace Feeds to His Readers.

The first thing man takes in life is his milk, and the last is his bier.

Wonders never cease, yet a woman's tongue is never considered a wonder.

It may seem paradoxical, but male hair-dressers frequently dye old maids. The most treacherous memory in the world belongs to the young man with his first watch. He can't remember the time of day for five minutes to save his life.

The Madisonville *Times* is authority for the statement that seventeen married couples living in Morton's Gap, Hopkins county, have separated. It is very evident that the matrimonial harvesting machine down there requires a binder attachment.

CAPPER FOR THE CHURCH.—At a recent festival in Milwaukee a man found a lonely oyster in his soup and ostentatiously held it upon his spoon, thereby inducing others to invest in the deceptive fluid. It has since been discovered that the man was what sinful and worldly people call a capper, and was employed by the church people to pretend to discover oysters, and thus entrap the unwary. The oyster is supposed to have been borrowed for the occasion.—[Alex Sweet.]

A singular death has occurred at Derby, England. A servant girl in the employ of an alderman of the borough, was found dead, suspended by the neck from a roller towel behind the kitchen door. She had been seen in good health and spirits a short time before, and the supposition is that while wiping her face, her neck was caught in the towel and she was suffocated. This, at least, was the finding of the jury.

The Indiana Farmer says one of its subscribers kept a record of the time employed in cultivating 14 acres of corn last season in the old-fashioned way, and finds he gave about two days to the acre. The yield was 800 bushels, over 57 bushels to the acre. He estimates the value of his crop at \$220, and the labor expended on it at \$120, and deducting expenses he has a profit of \$104 per acre.

An advertisement in the New York Sun says: "An errand boy wanted; only a live boy need apply." It is well to be explicit in matters of this kind. There is nothing more heartless than to advertise for boys indiscriminately, and have perhaps twenty or thirty dead ones apply for the position only to be disappointed.

"Tell me, ye angelic hosts, ye messengers of love, shall swindled printers here below have no redress above?" The angels flapped their wings and said: "To you a heap is given; delinquents on printer's books can never enter heaven."

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Dr. Deming's New Discovery for Piles is a radical change from the old remedial benediction in use. The Discovery is the result of years of patient scientific study and investigation into the character of this painful disease. To convince you of its great merit, call on Penny & McAllister, Stanford, or W. M. Weber, Mt. Vernon, and get a sample box free of charge.

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One of the most noted housekeepers in Talbotton, Ga., has not bought a pound of store lard in 45 years. She also has never failed to plant her Irish potato crop during the dark nights of February in 45 years, and this year is the first year in 45 that she has failed to put hog hair on her potatoes. She maintains that nothing helps Irish potatoes like a small bunch of hog hair put on top of each seed potato placed in the ground.

People who remember when the succulent tomato was a despised product of the soil, will be surprised to learn that the canners put during last autumn 2,180,123 cases of tomatoes, containing 52,322,952 cans, one for every man, woman and child in the country. Maryland cans more tomatoes than any other State.

EITHER WAY WILL SUIT THEM.—The same people who bestow an ovation upon a man when he is acquitted upon the charge of murder would crowd to see him hanged if he should be found guilty. The public is a strange creature.—[Baltimore Day.]

Said the editor of the bore: "It isn't that he doesn't know enough to come in when it rains; he doesn't know enough to stay out when it's not raining."

Preferring war in Africa to war at home, Sarah Bernhardt's husband has joined the army and gone to Algeria.

Thousands are being cured of Catarrh every year with Hall's Catarrh Cure, that the doctors had given up and said could not be cured. 75 cents a bottle. Sold by Penny & McAllister, Stanford, Ky.

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